

Unravel Me

Unravel me, a distant cord
that on the outside is forgotten
for the river I continually ford
manifests a constant need ill begotten

The road is long, the memory slides
to the whole of my undoing
I put aside, I put away
I push it back to get through each day

And all I feel is black and white
and I'm wound up small and tight
and I don't know who I am
Once again flunking life's biggest exam

Mama needs for me to be okay
So like Edison I send the keys to me up the line on my kite
It is only my psyche to defray
as little me heads out of sight

He just needs me to behave
be the little adult and I win affection untold
willing child motivated by the attention I crave
Who knew Pandora's box would unfold?

Parents who gave me the finest they had on offer
I am reminded their best is sometimes second best

So I became a little child busker
at my well meaning parent's behest

Everybody loves you when you're easy
everybody hates when you're a bore
everyone is waiting for your entrance
so don't disappoint them anymore

Unravel me, untie this cord
key to the very center of our union
all's caving in and we have little to afford
the archive of our failures I do blazon

My façade has pushed beyond the brink
a delicate thing intended for nurture
Now into my abyss only I must sink
and retrieve the child on the poster

When the kite reveals little one riding the camber
and the floodgates do open
I will fight the urge to sail my kite ever higher
instead draw it in, allowing Perdita to burgeon

My sincere desire to attain contentment
my prize a beautiful family to lead
determined to make pleasant a remnant
It is my singular focus to succeed

For everyone should know how to cry

and no one should submit to such cycles
rejection should be saved for a later tide
and children should be little rascals

Emotions should be felt intrinsically
admitting parents can't always be paragons
relationships should be cultivated from genuine honesty
and our true selves equipped with pitons

And all I feel is black and white
and I'm wound up so small and tight
and I don't know who I am
with emerging emotion fighting the deadpan

Commented [SCM1]:

-Charlotte Greer Slater 8.24.11